

THE SOUTH KENTUCKIAN.

VOLUME III.

D. BULL'S
COUGH
SYRUP

LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

"In Eastern lands they talk of flowers,
And thine toll in a garland their loves and
cares."Each flower that blooms is their garland
borders.

On its leaves a mystic language bears."

—Perseval.

The pretty rose is an emblem of love;

The honeysuckle implies I dream of thee;

And roses always, remember me.

Arbor vita denotes unchanged friendship;

My only hope the American people;

Deface your love, save the holly tree,

And juniper replies, I live for thee.

Gloxinia tells of love at first sight;

Sweet posy says, meet by moonlight;

Dead leaves indicate a heavy heart;

Varigated pink, forever we part.

Let us part friends, say the trumpet-flower;

Primrose answers, your friends for an hour;

Flax always keeps your word;

And rose geranium, that did prefer.

Apple blossom, will thou be mine?

Fuschia replies, my heart is thine,

And modestly dwells with the white violet.

Sweet William says, let our friendship end.

Snowdrop sighs softly, I'm not a summer friend.

Balloon vine promises to kiss and make up,

But ingratitude dwells in the bright buttercup.

Surmount difficulties, is the motto of song;

Woodbine's chorus, I have loved the long.

The incense thrills with love's first emotion,

And heliotrope implies only devotion.

Petunia says your presence sees me;

Ice plant replies, your looks freeze me.

White rose whispers, my heart is free,

And while clover, ever think of me.

Sensitive rose, like a pretty coquette,

Says, too young to leave my mother yet.

Mine through sunshine, storm and snows,

Is written all over the perpetual bell.

Blue iris brings a message for you,

Forget-me-not denotes indecisive tenderness;

Blue violet is faithfulness; barrel-grass,

And asion flower happy in religious belief.

Our souls are one, says the beautiful phlox;

Constance abbey with pretty dwarf box,

Of love in a cottage, portulaca dots bell,

And gaura is round in Canterbury bell.

True friendship is found in Virginia stock;

Ambition sits high in the bright hollyhock.

Compassion attends the bleeding heart;

And scarlet peacock, must you depart?

Honde is expressed by the morning glory;

Nobility of character by magnolia grandiflora.

The anemone denotes outlasting love,

And insincerity blights the pretty fox-glove.

And with Bertie's name last on her lips, the woman gasped and died;

And Sophie was aheiress, and Guy Westcote's beautiful promised bride was utterly in her power.

"I will call the poor girl," she said to the physician, in a voice so soft and low, delicate and tremulous.

"Nursing," she shrieked, "had you

the soulful eyes of a freeman who could see shining in my brow the rising light of a brighter day."

"Could it?" asked the youngest

man timidly.

"Yes, you could," the woman said in tones of innumerable sorrow. Now hear me, you have a—but I cannot bring myself to use the hateful expression of misery or painlessness that he gazed at her in surprise.

She swept into the chamber where Bertie, still on her knees, listened and waited.

The young man blushed bitterly and said that he had some hopes—

"And you expect your that you will be supported by your husband?"

The youngest man blushed more keenly than before and tremblingly admitted that he had some expectations—that that the only daughter of his proposed father-in-law, if he might put it that way—

"Yah!" snarled the woman; "now let me tell you, the day of woman's emancipation is at hand. From this time we are free, fer-reel! You must look for other slaves to bend and cringe before your majesties and wait upon you like slaves. You will see the change in your affairs since we have burst our chains and how you will live without the aid of women? Who makes your shirts now?" she pattered.

The young man blushed with anger and said to the woman, "now let me tell you, the day of woman's emancipation is at hand. From this time we are free, fer-reel! You must look for other slaves to bend and cringe before your majesties and wait upon you like slaves. You will see the change in your affairs since we have burst our chains and how you will live without the aid of women? Who makes your shirts now?" she pattered.

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THE SOUTH KENTUCKIAN.

CHAS. M. MEACHAM, EDITOR.

HOPKINSVILLE, FEB. 15, 1881.

Yesterday was the day for the birds to mate.

"I am in-sense, spare my life, as Col. Buford would say," remarked the fish when caught in the net.

Some people read an editor's paragraphs as carelessly as if it didn't snuff him had headed to write them.

The train carrying Sam Bernhardt passed Bowling Green last week. The editor of the Gazette says he and she were both on it at the same time.

W. H. Miller, of Henderson county has had his name changed to Lucifer S'more Clark and the Reporter speaks of him as the "late Mr. Miller."

The boy who broke his mother's mirror thought he ought not to be whipped because the Bible says "Blessed is the peccemaker."

The dead lock in the Pennsylvania Senatorial race still continues. Oliver and Grow have both withdrawn and still no one has been elected.

The Frankfort Yeoman pays this well merited compliment to our able Representative in Congress:

Hon. Jas. A. McKenzie is at home in Washington in spite of health. He is one of the most popular men in Congress.

Col. W. C. P. Breckinridge will deliver an address at Helm Hill, Ennix, Ky., to the *Bardette General* Literary society, of Eminence College Feb. 22nd. As an orator Col. Breckinridge has no equal in Kentucky and but few anywhere.

The Owensboro Messenger & Examiner has a story headed "Love in West Virginia." The story is probably based upon some of the experiences of the Kentucky press gang, ("one of whom this scrib is was which") at White Sulphur Springs last summer.

Stuart and Quisenberry, both editors and candidates for the Legislature in Clark county, are carrying on bitter personal warfare. Quisenberry was arrested last week and put in jail, on failing to give bond to keep the peace. If they have not already had a personal encounter things point decidedly that way.

The Columbus Times sneeringly calls the editor of this paper "that young Solon," because he does not bow down and worship Oscar Turner. Without meaning to reprove in school boy fashion "you're another," we will mildly suggest that those who sent Turner to Congress must be a statesman all sold up!

The long talked of marriage of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, of London to the young American Ashmed Bartlett took place last Saturday. The bride is 66 and the groom is less than half her age. The latter at the request of his wife will assume the name of Burdett-Coutts.

The result of the investigation of the bribery cases in the Tennessee Legislature is not likely to pan out anything. Thus far Littleton has failed to prove what he claimed to be able to prove and the excitement has died away.

The votes of the several States for President were counted by Congress in joint session last Wednesday and Garfield officially declared elected President of the United States, for the next four years, beginning March 4, 1881. The electoral vote of Georgia was not counted on the day appointed by law and was therefore thrown out.

The advertising sharpers are abroad in the land and are furnishing some fine contributions to our waste basket. A proposition from one of them to give a \$5 liver pad for \$15 in advertising was died therein.

STATE NEWS.

Kentucky has 127 newspapers.

Chas. Reed has received the Democratic nomination for Mayor of Paducah.

The Madisonville Times wants Hopkins county people to use shot guns to protect themselves from lightning rod agents.

The Times complains of the bad condition of the plank walks in Madisonville.

The Mountain Searcher says H. C. Herndon will shortly begin the publication of a paper at Hazelgreen to be called the Herald.

Two lads living near Louisville found the corpse of a negro man Lawrence, half buried in a marsh, where he had been for seven weeks.

Three convicts in the penitentiary have cut off fingers to escape labor.

The Banner says a little boy named Frank Townsend was thrown from a horse in Caldwell county and killed.

The Beechridge News calls Tom Buford the "appellate Judge eradicator."

A negro named Beard shot another named Jackson in Hancock county last week inflicting a serious wound.

As Farrell, the Covington Postman made good her son's deficit and will be retained.

Capt. C. T. Allen will be a candidate for re-election to the Legislature, from Caldwell county.

The citizens of New Castle held a meeting protesting against unjust freight discriminations.

A new paper called the Central Courier has just been started at Nicholasville by Sam Owen.

A coal oil lamp explosion caused the wife of S. D. Lewis of Scott county, to be burned to death.

The friends of Henry Grief, of Paducah, have come to grief from his mysterious disappearance.

The Winchester Sun, according to the Louisville Post, stole some of its own local items and reproduced them in the State News column, clipped without credit from that paper.

The Covington Commonwealth thinks that the special court that granted Buford a new trial "was wholly unsustained by respectable legal opinion."

Wm. Rader, a negro convict working on the Big Sandy Railroad at Owingsville struck a guard with a club breaking his arm in an attempt to escape and was shot dead.

An Ashland man, according to the Express, will fast two weeks. "He will lay on his back and take no nourishment except sweetmilk."

Alex Taylor and J. W. Meacham, editors of the two Fulton papers, the Fultonian and the Index, met in Paducah one day last week and had a fight in the opera house. Meacham, according to the Enterprise, was under the influence of liquor and was the aggressor.

Tou Stuart, in a card in his paper the Democrat, denounces his opponent for the Legislature and contemporary editor, Mr. Quisenberry of the Sun as a "lily and cowardly pup" and claims that the latter has slandered him and again in the canvass now being conducted.

Geo. Pieratt and his sister, an aged couple lived alone near Owingsville. The sister is an invalid and one day last week the brother fainted and fell into the large old fashion fire place, where a hot fire was burning. She dragged herself to him and pulled him from the fire a corpse and then fainted away. The next morning they were found the sister banished and helpless and the cats had been eating the flesh of the corpse of the brother.

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FAIRVIEW.

The early birds catch the worms. At least two or three bright summer days make one dream of spring.

Our Town dads, are going to build a lock up, to take care of the unfortunate who are so unlucky as to need their care.

"O winter, wint thou never go.

Summer how I weary for thy coming."

The young man who said our town was improving, is dead now.

Mere birds has envy snapping and snarling at it.

The more favor you show some folks, the more they expect.

Happy is he who has a large pile of wood and no neighbors to borrow.

"Dillon," correspondent to the Nashville American from this place, says there is some talk of a narrow gauge railroad from this place to Clarksville. Pray who is "Dillon," and where did he get his information.

I am glad to hear that Mrs. J. J. Shaw, who has been quite ill, is improving and that there is a probability of her getting well.

"Dillon" says "tobacco opens up flat," that's the first I had heard of it, thanks Mr. D. for the information.

Mr. Editor, I echo every word you said about the Buford trial. My opinion is that such trials are only making a farce of justice, and the sooner the people and the press speak their sentiments about such the safer will your country be.

I regret very much to hear of the serious illness of Miss Binnie Wilkins, who has been quite sick for some time. I understand that her recovery is doubtful.

Jams are ripening in this section.

H. B. Gray returned home to his many friends after spending a month or six weeks visiting Louisville, Cincinnati, New York and Nashville, on business. Harry is one of the jolliest boys of our town and we felt his absence greatly.

The Farmers are busy stripping and prizing tobacco in this section of country. The crop is rather small, but always in the odd, hundred.

GENERAL NEWS.

Garfield will be inaugurated on "hangman's day" Friday.

148 deaths from small-pox were reported in New York city on the 5th.

Mrs. J. E. Nichols jumped into a well and suicided at St. Louis.

Small-pox is raging in New Jersey to an alarming extent.

U. S. Senator elect Jackson of Tennessee has resigned his seat in the State Legislature.

A railroad bridge is to be built over the Ohio river at Henderson or Evansville sometimes during the present year.

The local option bill has been defeated in the Ohio Legislature.

A destructive tornado swept over New Orleans Thursday blowing down the Palmetto Hotel among other buildings.

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For excursion tickets and further information apply to Station Ticket Agent.

LINTON.

I will give you a sketch of this part of the country.

The health of the community is very good, only one death in the last month or two. Mr. Tom Turner died with pneumonia last week.

Dr. Johnson and family, from Clarksville, have moved to their farm near Canton, on the river.

Mr. Morgan Hopson and Miss Josie, did not long since for Clarksville as students.

The charming young lady, Miss Ida Nichols is teaching school here. The firm of Whittle & Nichols have dissolved partnership and the mercantile business.

There has been very high this winter, and boats have had plenty to do. They have been delayed some time on account of ice.

This part of the country is very rough; the lands are very productive, but we need a few of Christian country's energetic farmers to till the soil of Cumberland river bottoms.

Linton is a business point; we have three dry-goods stores, one grocery, two saloons, a drug store and a hardware store.

Mr. Johnson's son from Washington city was to our town on a visit to his parents a short time since; has now gone.

Mr. and Mrs. Coombs, of Church Hill neighborhood, were down last week on a visit to Mr. J. W. Dawes.

WONDER;

Macedonia.

The farmers have been busy stripping out their tobacco for the past few days.

Mr. Dave P. Poole's little child fell head foremost into the fire a few days since and was seriously burnt.

Wanted, to swap a half dozen sheep skins for a pair of good deade stitla.

While carrying a very heavy stick of wood a few days since Mr. Baker fell and smashed his head very badly.

Miss Mary Orten, of this place who has been a ghastly victim of several years, we regret to say is very low down. We fear she will die soon.

ROUGH AND READY.

Once in 200 Years.

The Knoxville Chronicle has discovered that the year 1900 will be leap year, and yet February will contain but twenty-eight days. This phenomenon occurs only once in 200 years, and always in the odd, hundred.

The Farmers are busy stripping and prizing tobacco in this section of country. The crop is rather small,

but always in the odd, hundred.

Clarksville Tobacco Leaf.

B. Herman,
Wm. Herman,
J. Lindauer,

&

Late of
Well & Co.

A. Winter,
Late of
Union Street.

Herman, Winter & Co.

Lat.

of

Union

Street.

WHOLESALE DRY GOODS,

CLOTHING, BOOTS, SHOES,

Hats and Millinery.

NO. 68, South Market Street.

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE.

We have just received an entire New Stock, all Fresh Goods,

Bought Direct from the Manufacturers,

At and Bottom Cash Prices, which enables us to compete with any house

in New York City.

No Goods Sold at Retail.

Feb. 1, 1881-1m.

ESTABLISHED 1842.

BURNS & CO.,
60 North Market St. Nashville, Tenn.
DEALERS IN

Saddlery and Coach Hardware,

Also, Skirting and Harness Leather and a complete assortment of all goods used by Harness, Saddle and Carriage Makers. Special attention given to orders by mail or express.

Feb. 1, 1881-1m.

FARMERS' SUPPLY HOUSE.

THE SOUTH-KENTUCKIAN.

HOPKINSVILLE, FEB. 15, 1881;

SOCIALITIES.

Mr. Jno. H. Milliken, of Franklin, is in the city.

Mr. W. P. Arnold, of Trenton, was in the city Saturday.

Mr. Baile Tompkins, of Cawton, has moved to this city to live.

Will Hawkes, of Nashville, spent several days in the city last week.

Mr. H. C. Herndon, of Princeton, was in the city one day last week.

Messrs. J. H. Fowler and J. C. Cobb, of Paducah, were in the city Sunday.

Jno. E. Campbell has returned from Greencastle, Ind., where he has been at school.

Mr. Robt. Holloway, of Colorado, was in the city last week visiting friends.

Mr. G. H. Baillie and wife, and Miss Jessie Bennett were the guests of the Phoenix last week.

Mr. F. D. McVitty, of Nashville, was in the city last week in the interest of the piano house of Jesse French.

Hon. M. C. Givens, of Webster County, was in the city several days last week.

Mrs. Smith, of Little Rock, mother of Rev. M. O. Smith, arrived in the city Saturday on a visit to her son.

Prof. J. B. Fitzhugh, of the Southern part of the county, was in the city Saturday and Sunday.

Miss Katie McDaniel has gone to Benwoodtown to teach school at Esquire J. T. Coleman's.

Dr. E. C. Harrelson and Mr. H. F. McGuire, of Trenton, came down to attend the show Thursday night.

Howe Wallace returned Saturday from Louisville, where he has been attending medical school for some months past.

Dr. J. P. Cullum, wife and daughter, of Hot Springs, Ark., were at the Phoenix last Thursday, en route for Believel, to visit the family of Dr. E. C. Cullum.

Mr. J. Fletcher Dempsey swept down on the city one day last week and returned to Madisonville before half of his friends could catch a glimpse of him.

Miss Jessie Leavell, of Pembroke, after spending several weeks with the family of Capt. Abernathy, left just week to pay a visit to friends in Clarksville.

Our young friends David and Henry Frankel returned home Friday night after a trip of two weeks or more to Chicago and other cities. Glad to see you back, boys. Hope you enjoyed yourselves.

SEVERE BLIZZARD.

The Wind Gets on a High.

At a few minutes past four o'clock Wednesday afternoon, a short but destructive storm passed over a portion of this city tearing things up generally. The storm came from the southeast, and so far as we have been able to learn the following is a list of the buildings most seriously damaged. The residences of Frank Dabney, on Maple Street, and Dr. Wm. Hill, on Main Street, were unroofed. The tin roof of Geo. O. Thompson's furniture store was torn off and buried into the street. The funeral procession of Mrs. E. J. Sharpe was passing at the time and the diribre came in a few feet of falling on some of the vehicles. The horses hitched to two of them took fright and ran, smashing up the carriages, from which the ladies had been hurriedly helped in the midst of the tornado.

The livery stable of J. M. Hopkins was partly mulfured, and a tobacco stemmy near the jail was blown down. Wm. Cowan's stable was blown down, with a man and three horses in it, and almost by a miracle they escaped, comparatively unharmed. A great many trees were blown down, chimney tops blown off and windows shaken out. The damage will probably amount to several thousands of dollars. The storm was accompanied and followed by a drenching rain.

Burglars About.

The residence of Mr. H. C. Gant was entered by burglars Wednesday night about \$100 worth of valuable silverware stolen. Some of the pieces were bridal presents to his wife and were very highly prized. The house was entered through the dining room window. An attempt was also made to enter the dwelling of Mr. Newton Payne in a similar manner Thursday night, but the scoundrels were discovered and frightened off before they accomplished their purpose.

A Card.

Upon the reading of a poem (?) (written by me) to some of my friends, I am informed that a report is scattered over town that I was extremely personal and insulting to Mr. H. G. O'Neill. This report is unfounded by the facts, and Mr. O'Neill informs me that my lines have been construed in a manner unjust to him and to myself. This I regret very much and disclaim any responsibility for such misconstruction. The "sounding as black as a crow" has been made "three black crows" and that such was the case was not my intention. If Mr. H. G. O'Neill has been reflected on by the report, I am not the luminary from which the rays emanated that were reflected.

H. W. MANN.

HERE AND THERE.

Farmers you can get your wagons filled with Empire coal at West & Yancey's from this date on.

The backbone of winter is not yet broken.

The weather last week was as changeable and fickle as the average girl.

All kinds of farm work has been greatly retarded by the continued bad weather.

Miss Kate Claxton in the "Two Orphans" Thursday night, at Mozart Hall.

Yesterday was St. Valentine's day and a cold one it was, for the mating business.

There were fifty-six names registered at the Phoenix Hotel on last Thursday. Mr. Cooper doesn't run one of your small sized hotels.

Circuit court is moving along pretty well. Judge Grace resumed the bench yesterday after being sick for two or three days.

Judge Jno. R. Grace was taken last week and Judge J. I. Landis was elected to fill his place for the remainder of the week.

The grand jury is getting in some pretty good work. Several indictments have been found and there is a disposition to pry into matters generally.

W. C. Collier, of Nashville, Tenn., has an advertisement in this week's paper, of his staple and fancy groceries. Send him an order by way of mail; he assures you satisfaction.

The many friends of Mr. A. H. Fleming, in this city, will be pleased to learn that he has been appointed agent for the Southern Express Co., at Fulton, and has entered upon the discharge of his duties.

Money has been raised by subscription to purchase school books for such children as are too poor to buy them, so that they may attend the public schools. Those children who are unable to buy books can, therefore, obtain them by applying to Messrs. H. Harrison, J. A. Young or H. Blummond.

We call special attention to the advertisement of Burns & Co. dealers in saddle and coach hardware, found in another column. This is one of the oldest and most reliable firms in Nashville, and we recommend them to be all right in every particular. A first class stock of the goods advertised always in store.

Read, in another column, the advertisement of the Willard Hotel Lottery. The distribution of prizes, a list of which is published in another column, will come off April 7th.

Messrs. Turner and Cooper are its agents for this place and will supply tickets to those desiring them. Invest and try your luck.

The jail was guarded by a posse of twenty men last week, some of Mr. Bell's friends fearing that the friends of Pool would attempt violence. We don't think there was much danger of such a thing but it did no harm to take the precaution.

Our wish for news last week seems to have been gratified. This week's paper will be found as full of news as an egg is of meat. There was also a perfect rush of letters and many of them could not possibly be inserted. Those left over will be published next week, or such parts of them as will keep.

Messrs. Cowan, Huggins & Hart have a conspicuous advertisement in today's paper. They have gone into the grocery, implement and seed business, and farmers will find it decided to their interests to patronize them. They will be glad to see their friends at their stand in the Hotel Block, Nashville Street.

By reference to our advertising column this week you will find an advertisement of Herman, Winter & Co., of Nashville, Tenn. This enterprising firm was established about the first of the year, having a new house and new stock of goods. However, some of its members had been in the dry-goods line in Nashville for some years previous. They want to build up a trade in southwestern Kentucky and we cannot see why a house so near should not be liberally patronized by our citizens. We speak for them a fair trial.

Dr. Keene being absent Rev. J. F. Hardwick preached at the Baptist church Sunday morning and evening.

Rev. Jno. C. Chastain will preach at Elgin School-house next Sunday, 20th inst.

ANOTHER HOMICIDE.

Alex Pool Shot by John F. Bell.

After the minstrel performance was over Thursday night a deadly shooting affair occurred near Hall's saloon, on Bridge street.

Frank and John Bell, living in the southern part of the county, were among those who attended the show, and at the conclusion of the performance they, with several other young gentlemen, repaired to Hall's restaurant. There they met Alex Pool, and Frank Bell got into a quarrel with him about some trivial out.

Hall made the whole crowd out and Pool started to go home. At the door however he was met by several other negroes who volunteered

their assistance to help whip Bell. Several of them started towards Frank when he and John both drew pistols and told them to stand back.

Some of them grappled Frank and Jim Bradshaw, a friend of Pool's, wrenched his pistol from him and remarked "Boys you all fix that one I'll attend to this one," or words to that effect. Pool then advanced on John holding a rock in his hand, according to Bell's statement, and continued to advance threateningly, although Bell told him to stand back.

When in the act of striking him Bell fired and then turned and ran. The ball took effect in Pool's left side, just above the hip bone. The latter pursued Bell to the corner of Main and Bridge streets where he fell and expired in a few minutes. Jno Bell ran to a friend's, mounted a horse and escaped to his father's at Garrettsburg, where he was captured the next morning by deputy sheriffs Breathe and Moore. Frank Bell was arrested and placed in jail and the next day was tried and released on \$100 bond. Jno Bell waived execution and was put to jail.

A coroner's inquest was held over the body of Pool on Friday morning and the following verdict rendered. "We, the jury, find the body before us to be that of Alex Pool, a man of color, and further find that he came to his death on the night of February 10, '81, in Hopkinsville, Ky., from a pistol shot which took effect in his left side, and further find that the shot which killed Pool, was fired by Jno. P. Bell."

Ack Pool, the man killed, was a well-known barber of this city, about 45 years old. He was ordinarily a quiet and orderly man and when he left the saloon would not doubt have gone home, but for the others who induced him to renew the quarrel.

Jno. P. Bell who did the shooting is a young man about 21 years old, a son of Capt. C. D. Bell, of this county, and is a young gentleman of great popularity among his acquaintances.

Waas at school he invariably bore of the first honors of his classes and intellectually he has few equals in the county.

During an intimate acquaintance of several years with him this is the first time we ever knew him to be engaged in a tussle of any kind. The affair is a very melancholy one, viewed from all its sides and would to God it had never happened.

A good many letters are left over this week. So many came in that it was impossible to insert them all. Correspondents should endeavor to write at regular intervals as much as possible, say twice a month, and by alternating we could get in all of their letters the week they are written. Last week scarcely any letters came in, while this week it seems that every correspondent wrote one. Every other week is as often as we want letters from the same correspondent, unless something of unusual interest occurs.

When there are two reporters in the same neighborhood they must arrange between themselves and not write the same week. We are proud of our correspondents and want to give them a fair showing.

Judge Joe McCarroll was so unfortunate as to fall and break his leg Saturday night. The streets were very slick and while walking on a plank walk with his wife he slipped and fell, breaking both bones of his leg just above the ankle.

The firm of Terry & Tilow made an assignment last week to Mr. M. W. Grissom.

Dr. Keene being absent Rev. J. F. Hardwick preached at the Baptist church Sunday morning and evening.

Rev. Jno. C. Chastain will preach at Elgin School-house next Sunday, 20th inst.

DEATHS.

SHARPE.

At her residence in this city, Monday Feb. 7th, at 8 o'clock p.m., Mrs. E. J. Sharpe, widow of Col. F. C. Sharpe, deceased, in the 81st year of her age. She was one of the oldest and most honored and respected ladies of the city. She had been living in this city, for 63 years and left a large circle of relatives and friends to mourn her death.

TANDY: At the residence of his parents in this city Thursday last, at 8 o'clock p.m., infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Tandy. Thus the rude hand of death snatched from the doing parents their only child. They have the condolence of many sympathizing friends.

WEAR: At the residence of his mother in this city, Thursday last, Wm. infant son of Mrs. Wm. West.

MURPHY: At his residence in this city, Saturday 11th inst., Jos. R. Murphy aged about 40 years. His death was caused from hemorrhage of the lungs. He had been engaged in the sewing machine business here for several years.

A Card.

Upon the reading of a poem (?) (written by me) to some of my friends, I am informed that a report is scattered over town that I was extremely personal and insulting to Mr. H. G. O'Neill. This report is unfounded by the facts, and Mr. O'Neill informs me that my lines have been construed in a manner unjust to him and to myself. This I regret very much and disclaim any responsibility for such misconstruction. The "sounding as black as a crow" has been made "three black crows" and that such was the case was not my intention.

If Mr. H. G. O'Neill has been reflected on by the report, I am not the luminary from which the rays emanated that were reflected.

H. W. MANN.

AMUSEMENTS.

Alex Pool Shot by John F. Bell.

Miss Kate Claxton who is known far and wide as an actress of more than ordinary merit will play at Mozart Hall Thursday 17th inst. The mere announcement is enough to draw a good house. The Boston Herald speaks of her in the following complimentary terms:

"Few dramas have the picturesque strength of the "Two Orphans," and fewer still are the actresses who can so completely and forcibly portray the sufferings of the central character as Kate Claxton who, last evening, again appeared before a Boston audience.

Tickets for sale at Gish & Garver's at the usual prices.

CHARLOTTE THOMPSON.

Miss Thompson played Monday night the 7th inst. to a good house, one of the best of the season. She gave general satisfaction in the "Planter's Wife" and should she return again she will be cordially welcomed.

ARLINGTON'S MINSTRELS.

This company played Thursday night last to the largest house of the season. Somewhat or other our people were hungry for a minstrel show and turned out en masse. They did a paying business and while better companies of the kind have been here, they gave pretty good satisfaction.

MOTIES.

We have been appointed by the City Council to eradicate all persons in the city who are not protected from Smallpox by previous vaccination. We will commence on Wednesday Feb. 16, to visit all the residents in the city between the hours of 10 a. m. and 4 p. m. of each day to vaccinate such persons as required by law.

P. H. CLARKE, M. D.

Jas. A. Young, M. D.

Bethel Female College.

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Prof. Steinbogen's Friday morning lecture was of unusual interest. He first gave a brief sketch of the life and writings of one of the bright English lights of the literary world, Thomas Carlyle, who died recently in London, at the advanced age of 88 years. He was buried at Westminster.

Next was given a review of the latest movements in Ireland and England, showing the increasing interest and alarm which has been manifested in Providence many years ago. He was addressing an audience of children on the subject of good habits, and, taking of his coat to lead in three chears for cold water, scattered a lot of cigars, which had been given him, among the little ones. This was bad enough, but his discomfiture was completed by a little brood of a boy creeping up on the platform and handing him one of the cigars which he had picked up.

Prof. Bustamante.

John B. Gough stated that he is embarrassed while addressing audiences in Providence many years ago. He was addressing an audience of children on the subject of good habits, and, taking of his coat to lead in three chears for cold water, scattered a lot of cigars, which had been given him, among the little ones. This was bad enough, but his discomfiture was completed by a little brood of a boy creeping up on the platform and handing him one of the cigars which he had picked up.

Prof. Bustamante.

He then referred to the great extent to which engineering had been carried in this country, stating that Capt. Endicott, had received an appropriation from the government for the commencement of the great Inter Oceanic Railway. It is to be tested with a vessel of 4,000 tons. If successful, similar appropriations are to be made from time to time.

Prof. Solomon's lecture, to the Norwood Club, on Wednesday evening, was both instructive and entertaining. The subject treated was Langrang, showing the proper method of teaching chandlers, so as to avoid heating in reading, unnatural tones and other errors so common in country schools, and difficult to be corrected.

Prof. Bustamante said that the past week he had been indisposed for the past week, is now able to be made from time to time.

</div

THE SOUTH KENTUCKIAN.

PICTURE: Bridge St., bet. Main and River.

HOPKINSVILLE KY.

EXCHANGE SCINTILLATIONS.

Vinnie Beam Hoxie is fixing up a bust for her husband. Not many women would do that; then Vinnie's a model wife.—[Sunday Argus.]

"Women are full of deception." They are, eh? Well, men are fuller. (Ladies, thanks, slippers, handkerchiefs, etc., can be safely sent us by telephone or delivered in person.)—Ditto.

Stanton says the ground-hog in the vicinity of Frankfort didn't see his shadow the 2d inst. Whether he's like Sara Bernhardt—can't make any shadow to see.—[Ditto.]

To relieve the aching heart of woman and bring joy where sorrow reigned supreme is a mission before which the smiles of kings dwindle into insignificance.—This is a continued piece which we intended to steal, but find it is only a heading to an advertisement.—[Franklin Patriot.]

The Lexington Observer relates that a daughter of Sothern is betrothed to a daughter of Dion Boucicault. We can not understand why these two young ladies should do this thing, but if it suits the longings of their souls, there is nothing left for outsiders but to look on and wonder.—Lexington Argus.

If Tom Buford is insane and dangerous as decided by a jury of his "peers," will not people, when he approaches, regard him as much the same light as they would a mad dog; and, so regarding him, would not the law of self preservation prompt any man to treat him as he would a mad dog?—[Polk Johnson.]

Somebody sent an Argus man a card the other day with the letters R. S. V. P. on it. It doesn't matter what else was on the card. We're an orphan, and we're virtuous if we are wealthy. We don't know what those letters may mean, but we want it distinctly understood that we are not to be insulted because of our unprotected condition. R. S. V. P. indeed! We're not that kind of a girl.—[Sunday Argus.]

The 4th of March comes on apace, and we are to have another ex-President. He will take his proper place in history, and the industrious student, turning over the pages, will conclude that it is correctly written—b. bates.—[Clarksville Tobacco Leaf.]

One of the rules of sleighing this winter is that the young man is entitled to warm his nose three times during every mile by rubbing it against his girl's cheek. There are some persons mean enough to insinuate that what the young people call nose-warming is really hugging.—[Rockville (Md.) Montgomery.]

"Mother, does the sun ever set in the east?" said Johnny to his maternal ancestor. "Never my child," answered the mother. A half hour afterward the mother found her son sitting down flat in her parson of sponge by the fire, and he said again, "Mother does the sun ever set in the east?" Then that son went under a cloud of suspicion, and was eclipsed.—[Steubenville Herald.]

Conundrums.

Why is a dandy like venison steak? He is a bit of a buck.

Why is a good story like a church bell? It often tolled.

Why is a dejected man like one thrown from a precipice? He is cast down.

In what month do ladies talk the least? In February, because it is the shortest.

Why is a profitable office like an empty snuff box? It is not to be sneezed at.

Why are fixed stars like pen ink and paper? Because they are stationery.

Why is an inn-keeper like a multitude of people? Because he is a host in himself.

Why is a skillful gardener like a nice chambermaid? He keeps his beds in order.

What kin is that child to its own father who is not its father's own son? His daughter.

Why is a book binder like charity? Because he very often covers a multitude of sins.

Why is a lady curling her hair like a housekeeper? She is twisting and turning locks.

What is the difference between a fixed star and a meteor? One is a sun, the other a darter.

What is a man like that is in the midst of a river and can not swim? Like to be drowned.

Why are there three objections to a glass of spirits? Because there are three scruples to a dram. (But some people take a dram without any scruples.)

Laughing off a Duel.

"Speaking of the Cash-Shannon duel," said the exchange fiend, putting his feet in the waste-basket, "we need a few men like Judge Dooly. He laughed out of doors with an audacious wit that compelled even the admiration of his enemies! You remember he said, when they threatened him that if he didn't fight his name would fill the columns of a newspaper, that he would rather fill ten newspapers than one coffin. Once he went on the field with a man who had St. Vitus's dance. His opponent was standing at his post, with his whole frame jerking nervously from his malady. Dooly, in the soberest manner, left his post and cutting a forked stick stuck it in the ground in front of his opponent.

"What does this mean?" asked his opponent.

"Why," says Dooly, "I want you to rest your pistol in that tort, so that you can steady your aim. If you shoot at me with that hand shaking so, you'll pepper me full of holes at the first fire!"

"Then there was a laugh all around and the duel was put off without a scratch."

The poor and humble, alike with the rich and powerful, find in Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup a true, tried and trusted friend. Price 25 cents a bottle.

OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT INVADES AN ANCIENT MEXICAN CITY.

The Planter Harbor on the Pacific, a field for Enterprising Yankees.

MILLIONS IN GOLD AND SILVER IN THE VICINITY. FUTURE POINT OF AMERICAN AUSTRALIAN TRADE.

GUYMAS, MEXICO, Feb. 9, 1881.

Mr. Editor: This quaint old town in Soporta, Mexico, is located on the east shore of the Gulf of California and has a harbor, landlocked and sheltered from the sea with approaches through channels between the Island of Pajorcas, San Vicente, Pitaya and Cothori. The old and distinctive features of this strange old town, are so peculiar that I have been tempted to give your readers some idea of its location, its future possibilities, and something of the ante-deluvian habits of this city of 6000 souls.

I came down from Frisco on a very comfortable coastwise steamer which touches here about once a month, carrying a few passengers and a light cargo of goods. We anchored our bright morning in the harbor, and while we were preparing to go ashore I took in the wild and romantic surroundings of this port, so soon to become a great commercial entrepot in the Americas. Australian trade.

Lazy Yaqui Indians were plying their vocation on every hand catching fish of many varieties or taking shrimp, crabs, lobsters and oysters that are found in great abundance.

THE TOWN OF GUAYMAS nestles at the end of its quiet and secure harbor, surrounded on three sides by high bluff mountains. The opening into the ocean between two high, rugged cliff, is about five miles from the city, and within this bay widens so as to furnish what has been well termed the most secure harbor on the Pacific. About half a mile from the town an island divides the inner from the outer harbor, and is on this island that the Southwestern terminus of the great Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe is located. Here are the immense wharves and unlimited dockage, where the heaviest men-of-war can anchor in safety. Beyond the island, landward, the water is much shallower, the average depth being but about nine feet, while on the seaward side there is a depth averaging thirty feet. The railroad reaches its terminus by a long bridge from the Eastern shore, and will be able to

TRANSPORT Freight to the STEAMER DRAFT.

After some little delay at the custom-house, we walked over to the "American hotel," and I am free to say that it is the oldest looking building in the world, enjoying that unique name; a low square, adobe building, surrounding a court or plaza. Its mud floors and small windows, and low ceilings, are striking novelties. After a lunch my friend and I sauntered through the town, which carries the Mexican stamp upon its face. The buildings are all of adobe, built one story high, and better as a class than those in New Mexico. In fact, some of them were highly ornamental. As we neared the public square, or plaza, we found a gay scene awaiting us. The native band from the garrison were playing a medley of Spanish airs, and the plaza was filled with ladies, young and old, in gay costumes, who promenaded without escort, their natural protectors standing outside the circle and bowing here and there as they recognized acquaintances. It was a very pretty sight to an American unused to such scenes. I found upon becoming better acquainted, that

THE INHABITANTS are divided into three classes, the "Upper Ten" being the Spanish merchants whom I found refined and educated and with an elegant gentility about them, too often lacking among our own aristocracy.

The middle class are the native Mexican and the lower, the Yaqui Indians, who have been largely employed in grading the road between Hermosillo and Guaymas. I was astonished to find what we term slavery here called peonage is in full vogue. If a man becomes in debt to another for \$10 he is placed in absolute servitude until it is paid, and wages vary from 10 to 45 cents a day. A man who once gets behind \$10 is hopelessly involved.

Perhaps the most noticeable characteristic of Guaymas is the evident aversion and hostility to anything which favors of progression. In transporting cargoes from the wharf to the custom house and thence to the business houses, no drays or wagons are allowed to be used, because it takes away the labor of the men who "pack" everything on their backs, and in carrying water from the large well which supplies the town the same labor is in vogue, and a movement to bring the water into the town by pipes was instantly quelled by the authorities. I made considerable inquiry about these mountains surrounding the town, but nothing seems to have been developed in them as far as,

MINING.

is concerned. Back further, however, from the coast there are many mines being worked, which are paying splendidly and many deserted ones where shafts were sunk from 300 to 500 feet by the Spaniards years ago, but which now contains more or less water. In those early years these mines were due to the want of pumps and proper apparatus to free the shafts from water and many excellent mines were destroyed by flooding. These abandoned mines have all reverted to the government and can be bought for a nominal sum. I see here a rich field for some enterprising companies, for with our modern hydraulic pumps these mines could be emptied at a comparatively small expense.

When the A. T. & S. F. shall have completed its line down thro' this rich mineral country, I prophesy an emigration of miners and business men such as has never been known in the West, for these certainly are rich and promising fields for the just;—prospector. The climate here in winter is (to excess) in a single word perfect, although in the town during the summer months the thermometer ranges pretty high, owing to the mountains keeping on the sea breeze. Living is comparatively cheap and comfortable, and from all accounts everybody is as healthy here as anywhere.

F. S. P.

The Godey's Lady's Book for February

is really a household treasure. Besides its rich array of Steel Plates, Colored Fashion Plates and Engravings illustrating many varieties of ladies' and children's dresses, there is an intensely interesting novel, a good feast of stories and sketches, work department for ladies, amusement for children, and the very reliable Chat on Fashion which has distinguished this old favorite magazine for so many years. Every number of the Lady's Book for 1881 will contain a complete novel, and if all are equal to the one in the February number, the subscribers will get the full value of their money in the novels alone, to say nothing of the other strong and commendable features of the Lady's Book.

STORY HARBOR ON THE PACIFIC. A field for Enterprising Yankees.

Mr. Editor: This quaint old town in Soporta, Mexico, is located on the east shore of the Gulf of California and has a harbor, landlocked and sheltered from the sea with approaches through channels between the Island of Pajorcas, San Vicente, Pitaya and Cothori. The old and distinctive features of this strange old town, are so peculiar that I have been tempted to give your readers some idea of its location, its future possibilities, and something of the ante-deluvian habits of this city of 6000 souls.

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A. ST. CHARLES HOTEL

30, North Market St., near Public Square.

Nashville, Tenn.

Rates reduced from \$1.50 to \$1.00 per day.

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